

# TWO PATRIOTS WHO ARE DOING GREAT WORK IN THE CAUSE OF FREEDOM.



Miss Maud Gonne, Who Is Fighting for Ireland's Freedom.

## MAUD GONNE COMES TO PLEAD FOR THE CAUSE OF IRELAND.

Talented, Beautiful and Young, Her Sympathies Were Early Enlisted in the Cause, and She Has Already Done Heroic Work--Greeted Down the Bay by Hundreds of Enthusiastic Irish Men and Women.

The most warmly welcomed passenger on the big Cunard liner Lucania, which steamed majestically up the bay yesterday afternoon, was a tall, slender girl of queenly carriage, whose wondrous eyes smiled a happy response to the enthusiastic greetings of a crowd of excited people aboard a noisy tug.

The tug was gay with "Old Glory," and the Green and Orange of Ireland intermingled, and the tall girl who stood beside the Lucania's starboard quarter-rail waved a salute to the "wreathed harp," while the blue ensign at the British liner's tail seemed to flaunt in spiteful derision.

And the crowd upon the tug cheered and waved back, and worked itself up to a very ecstatic glad greeting, as was to have been expected, for the crowd was composed of Irishmen and Irishwomen--delegates from the Irish National Alliance--and the tall, queenly woman in the tail-coat and bonnet, and the big, fuzzy, comfortable-looking cap, was none else than Miss Maud Gonne, whom the Irish patriots have named "the Irish Joan of Arc," and whom the warm-hearted people of the "ever-green isle" worship with such affection as they are wont to bestow upon the saints.

The welcome down the bay was only a prelude to the enthusiastic greeting which awaited Miss Gonne when the Lucania arrived at her dock, and that greeting was only a promise of the royal reception which she will receive when she greets the Irish people of New York at the Grand Opera House to-night. For the coming of Maud Gonne upon the mission which brings her to America is altogether the greatest event of recent years in the history of Irish Nationalism in this country.

In the first place, Maud Gonne comes with the history of ten years of loving, earnest, consistent effort in behalf of oppressed Ireland and Irish liberty to claim a welcome far here in whatever country the exiles of Erin have found a home. And in the second place she comes as ambassador of the great Irish centennial celebration, and of the Amnesty Association. It is to stimulate the Irish people in America to more fervid efforts in behalf of the "movement of '88," and, incidentally, to raise funds, by lecturing, and writing, dedicated in advance to the Amnesty movement and to the erection of a monument to the memory of Theodore Wolfe Tone, "most illustrious martyr to Ireland's cause," that Miss Gonne will make a tour of the principal cities of the United States and Canada.

Since 1888 Maud Gonne has devoted all her time, all her exceptional talents as writer, speaker and politician, all her influence and a goodly portion of her income to the cause of Ireland. No single Irishman has done so much for his country and its people in the same time as has been accomplished by this beautiful, dainty, brilliant, courageous girl.

drous magnetism of Maud Gonne. Thousands upon thousands of pounds poured into the treasuries of the National Association and Amnesty Association as the result of her dramatic telling of Ireland's story from the lecture platforms of a dozen countries.

And yet, this "Joan of Arc," this formidable politician, organizer and lecturer--conspirator, as she has been called by the English press--is the most dainty and womanly of women. Imaginable--a woman whose remarkable beauty still owns the devious charms of youth--a woman whose dresses are marvels of exquisite taste, and whose bonnets and boots might drive a prima donna mad with envy--a woman whose leadership in the salon is no more a matter of doubt than her ability as a lecturer and writer.

Painters have delighted to trace her features on canvas, and sculptors have striven to immortalize her form in marble. And the drawing rooms of the most exclusive circles of European society, save where political prejudices have closed their doors, are proud of the honor of a visit from Maud Gonne.

This Jeanne d'Arc of Ireland is taller than most women, slender, superbly proportioned, of regal grace of carriage, and like most of her countrywomen, "divinely fair."

She has the broad, low brow of the old classic type, a straight, delicate nose, deep lustrous eyes, shaded by long, rather level brows, and a wreath of wavy, light brown hair, which ripples back from her smooth brow over two small, well-set ears, to become a tress for her small, shapely head.

Miss Gonne is not "Irish" in the usual acceptance of the term. Her forbears come from the north of Ireland, and her father, an Irish colonel in the British army, was called an Orange, aristocratic and conservative. Her people were members of the vice-regal social circle, and the young girl herself was brought up in the very atmosphere of Dublin Castle. Indeed, when she was seventeen or eighteen years of age, she was the reigning beauty of the vice-regal court, and that she did not become imbued with the anti-Irish spirit of the people among whom she lived is a wonder.

Her conversion to the Irish cause was due to a dramatic incident which she witnessed shortly after she had returned to Ireland after a long school residence in England.

One of the tenants of an estate near the Glonne lands was a man named McGrath, a local Land Leaguer, who had won renown by the long and vigorous fight he had made against being evicted from his farm. McGrath was regarded by the people as a hero, and by the landed aristocracy and the constabulary as a dangerous criminal.

at the McGrath wake and heard the bitter lamentations of the neighbors. From that time the Land League and every other movement which had for its object the betterment of the conditions of the Irish common people had no warmer supporter than Maud Gonne.

In 1880, when she was nearly twenty years old, Colonel Gonne died, leaving a considerable estate to his orphan daughter, Mistress of herself and her money, this beautiful girl devoted her life and all she had to the cause of her country and people.

Rapidly acquiring fame as a platform speaker, she entered upon a campaign of argument, trying to break down the barrier of mutual distrust, and unite the sympathies and hearts of the English and the Irish people. Of a generous nature herself, she could not understand the bitterness which existed between the Saxon and the Celt, and when "the union of hearts" idea was suggested, she became its ardent supporter.

To unite the two peoples in sentiment was the first dream of Maud Gonne, and one which she still cherishes.

For years Miss Gonne worked among the evicted tenants, neither sparing her strength nor her money, and when the amnesty campaign, looking to the release of the Irish political prisoners from English prisons, was inaugurated, she was its warmest promoter--most zealous and energetic propagandist. When, owing to the Parnellite split, things were in a bad way at home, Miss Gonne crossed to France, where her reception was most flattering. There she started a newspaper at her own expense--L'Irlande Libre--and through it, as well as from the platform in all parts of France and Belgium, she advanced Ireland's arguments and appeals for justice so ably that a big sympathetic movement was created, which takes its name from the title of Miss Gonne's newspaper.

Recently Miss Gonne visited the west of Ireland and started a movement to displace the landing there of the French under General Humbert. Her idea in so doing was to put new flame and ardor into the Nationalist cause. Her visit to America is in line with the same sentiment, save that she desires to directly encourage the great "movement of '88"--that stupendous pilgrimage of Irishmen living abroad to the homeland, and the colossal demonstration which is to attract the attention of the whole civilized world to Ireland's battle for freedom, as well as to keep green the memory of the heroes who fell in armed conflict for liberty a hundred years ago.

Miss Gonne and other Nationalist leaders hope and expect great things of this stupendous demonstration of the French hero.

Like most of the other Nationalists, Miss Gonne has rather given up hope of securing justice for Ireland through the "union of hearts" method. Revolution is discussed now, and Miss Gonne, delicate, refined, womanly, has repeatedly expressed her belief in the necessity of the heroes who led the 13,000,000 Irish people who have found homes in America when the hour comes for the signing of the Irish independence.

## Maud Gonne Has Given Her Time, Strength and Fortune to Free Ireland.

Prince Kropotkine, of Royal Lineage, Struggling for the Betterment of Mankind.

Both Are Now Visiting This City for the Purpose of Advancing Their Work.

Dr. Gallagher, broken in body and mind by British brutality--in asking aid for the liberation of the other patriots whose lives are being blotted out in English dungeons. Miss Gonne will spend the winter during her stay in New York, and she will lose no time in getting to work. This evening at 8 o'clock, after she has greeted the welcoming crowds at the Grand Opera House, she will make her first address. A concert of Irish music will precede her tale of Ireland's needs--her conveyance of Ireland's message to Ireland's sons and daughters here. Proceeds of the sale of the tickets to the concert and reception will be the first contribution which Maud Gonne will send to swell the fund for Wolfe Tone's monument and the amnesty cause from hospital America.

The Hon. William McCulloch, former Assistant Secretary of the Navy, will preside at the meeting, and James F. Egan, the popular delegate from Ireland, will be upon the platform.

### BATTLE OF RED BANK.

Colonel Christopher Green's Great Victory Over Count Donop's Hessian Troops Celebrated by Patriots.

The celebration, on Friday, by residents of Camden, N. J., of the battle of Red Bank calls to mind one of the minor contests of the war of independence. This Red Bank is not the prosperous town on the south shore of the Navesink River, but a place on the Delaware River, between Big Timber and Woodbury creeks.

Still standing there is old Fort Mercer, which was bravely and successfully defended by Colonel Christopher Green against a detachment from the British Army, commanded by Count Donop, on October 22, 1777. Count Donop and many officers were made prisoners, and a lieutenant and seventy privates were killed. In commemoration of the event a monument of gray marble was reared with the following inscription:

"This monument was erected on the 22d October, 1820, to transmit to posterity a grateful remembrance of the patriotism and gallantry of Lieutenant-Colonel Christopher Green, who, with four hundred men, conquered the Hessian army of two thousand troops then in the British service, at the Red Bank on the 22d October, 1777. Among the wounded was found their commander, Count Donop, who died of his wounds and whose body is interred near the spot where he fell. A number of the New Jersey and Pennsylvania volunteers, being desirous to perpetuate the memory of the distinguished officers and soldiers who fought and bled in the glorious struggle for American independence, have erected this monument on the 22d day of October, Anno Domini, 1820."

### HOUSE FULL OF BEES.

They Frightened a Party of Workmen, Drove Them Away and the Boys Are Working for the Honey.

Yarmouthport, Mass., Oct. 23.--The old "Hawes House," which sheltered many generations of an old substantial Cape Cod stock, is undergoing demolition. It is the property of Joshua Montgomery Sears, of Boston, the millionaire. Recently his agent contracted to have the building, which is of the ancient stamp, torn down and removed. The rear annex was taken away without any trouble, but when the operations commenced on the main portion of the building, strange noises were heard about the structure, and the workmen fled in terror.

The first man who struck an axe into the woodwork of the old building was scared out of his wits to see a thick liquid issue from the hole. The noise of the old house were renewed and increased, and the laborers fled from the job.

The workmen recovered their self-possession and a door in the main part of the old house was forced open. The workmen fled again, for it was found that the whole structure was infested with honey bees. They flew out in hundreds and drove the laborers from their work.

There were so many of them that Mr. Sears' agent decided to open the doors and let them out. The bees were driven to the front to drive them out.

Meantime all the boys in the village are organizing forays upon the store of honey which is hoarded up between the outside walls and the wainscoting of the building.

### ROYAL VAGABOND.

King Milan Is at Present Figuring in the Role of a Beggar.

A dispatch from Europe says that ex-King Milan is so ill that some anxiety is felt by his friends as to his eventual recovery. The remarkable thing about this dispatch is not that Milan should be ill. Every person gets ill at some time or another, but the king of Serbia, and Milan was king eventually. But the singular part of the dispatch is that the ex-king, Milan, has any friends who are anxious about his health. There are quite a number among the exiles of Europe who would regard his demise as a blessing. He has been a royal vagabond, and he has been a beggar. He has been a beggar, and he has been a vagabond. He has been a beggar, and he has been a vagabond. He has been a beggar, and he has been a vagabond.

Beau Hickman, in the fifties, was a chartered mendicant of the shabby genteel sort. He learned to beg from choice. He had wealthy relations, one of whom paid him \$600 a year to stay away from her, and it is said that at the breaking out of the war he wrote her a letter saying that everything was brighter, and he was afraid he would have to pay her a visit unless she increased his allowance. Be this as it may, Beau was an interesting and amiable scamp, and he filled the field. Noted men submitted without question to his rather bristly demands for money. He was a gay and cultured vagabond. What Beau Hickman was to Washington in the days preceding the war, Milan has been to European royalty a considerable portion of the aristocracy in the past fifteen years, minus the amiability and a sort of individual conviction of honor which never deserted Beau.

Milan has never exhibited any amiability except the sardonic kind which the gamblers of the continent have. He has been a beggar, and he has been a vagabond. He has been a beggar, and he has been a vagabond. He has been a beggar, and he has been a vagabond.

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Prince Kropotkine, the Famous Socialist and Scientist.

## ROYAL BY BIRTH, WORKER BY CHOICE IS PRINCE KROPOTKINE.

He Is Here to Hasten the Day of Socialistic Brotherhood--For Two Months He Has Been Delivering Lectures on Scientific Subjects Before Learned Societies, Now He'll Give a Month to the Workingman.

A Russian Prince is with us in town. He is Peter Alexiovitch Kropotkine, and he is here to talk and encourage the "proletariat" of New York. If he came socially he would be received with open arms by high society, for his is a real title, and he is a Romanoff besides. But he comes as a Socialist, and so was received at Jersey City yesterday afternoon by Justus Schwab, saloon-keeper, and a handful of other representatives of the four million.

The Prince, as he stepped from the car that had brought him from Washington, presented a remarkable likeness to the late Charles A. Dana. He has more height and more beard than had the chief of journalists, but the contour of the face, the noble forehead and the twinkle of the deep-set eyes through the thick eyeglasses are precisely the same. He dresses plainly, but in excellent taste, and his linen, his gloves and his boots are irreproachable. He went to the Fifth Avenue Hotel, and to-night he will deliver at Chickering Hall a lecture entitled "Socialism and Its Modern Development."

The Prince refused for a long while to be interviewed.

"I like not," said he, "your American reporter. Last week I received a lot of Boston papers which contained columns of how I was there in disguise with a beautiful woman, whose golden hair was hanging down her back. I had shaved my beard and had sneaked into this country from Germany on October 14."

"As I have never been in Boston, as I still have my beard, and as I have been in this country on my scientific work since August, you may imagine that I was surprised. As my wife and child are in London, you may imagine that I was disgusted to read of the golden-haired woman."

"I know that I could see those papers for libel and teach them a lesson in ordinary truth telling, and I think it is an excellent commentary on the tolerance and forbearance taught in socialism that I do not. If I took up the matter some men would certainly lose their positions, and that as a lover of mankind, I would not make to happen."

"Still, in justice to myself, my family and my friends, I must protect myself against such unwarranted and disgraceful attacks, so I have said to myself that never will I be interviewed in this country. Then my friends will know that anything that may be said about me will not be true."

The Prince was told how glad any paper would be to retract an error into which it had been led, and after a while he reconsidered his sweeping determination and talked delightfully on every subject except himself.

believe that men are fit for liberty now. Human nature is debased only because of its present environment. It will rise to the proper level the moment modern shackles are swept away.

"What is doing more than anything else," the Prince went on, "to prevent the approach of this liberty is modern politics. It is all the same here, or in England or in Russia; republic, kingdom, absolute monarchy, it is all similar. The political atmosphere everywhere is enervating and corrupting. See how in every country the men who have gotten into political prominence in order to help the workers in the fight against class tyranny have, with painfully few exceptions, been captured by the enemy. We can do and are doing ten times as much good through outside personal agitation as we could in legislative work. The wall of prejudice, intolerance, fear and tyranny is too high to be scaled. It must be overthrown."

"We do not counsel bloodshed, and we wish bodily harm to no human being. We believe, though, in the casting away of authority--that is, the authority that gives one man or one set of men the power to take advantage of others. I have been among the lowly, the down-trodden, and the suffering. I have lived and worked and broken bread with them. I know their desire and ambition. It is only that every human being shall have an equal chance for the happy living that Nature has provided for us all. Our motto is, 'From each according to his ability; to each according to his needs.'"

Prince Kropotkine has been suffering from a severe cold for the past week, and his experiences in prison have made him older and feebler than is due to his sixty years. He said he could hardly deliver his lecture in Washington before the Ethnological and Geographical Society last Thursday.

"My lecture on Socialism to-morrow evening," he said, "will be the first that I have given on anything but purely scientific subjects in this country, and I must rest a little bit to prepare for it. I do not want my dear friends here to be disappointed in me. Come, and let me hear me to-morrow night, and let me try to get you actively interested in the work of stopping forever 'man's inhumanity to man.'"

The career of Peter Kropotkine (he so calls himself always, as he dislikes exceedingly to use his title) is as romantic as anything in fiction. He was born in St. Petersburg to royal honors, and saying that he used his advantages toward scientific research instead of toward the fattening of his own pocket, he lived till he was twenty-five years old as do most men of his station.

Then at his own request he became an active member of the Russian Geographical Society, which is unique in that it does not confine itself to the mere mapping of the earth's physical features. It studies the world as a whole, from its details of formation, through its adaptability for commercial routes, to its habitability for various sorts and conditions of men. As an active member he left his palace and worked for years exploring Siberia and Asia. In this work he naturally had the opportunity to thoroughly investigate the Russian penal system. He looked at the unfortunate convicts as men rather than as brutes, and when he returned to St. Petersburg in 1876, he boldly spoke against the system and its horrors.

Coming from a man of his social position and scientific reputation his stand created a tremendous sensation, and he had to get away to the Continent. He joined the Karl Marx movement in Belgium, and then came back secretly to St. Petersburg. For two years he lived and labored among the working classes, supporting himself by house painting. The police finally found him out, and he was cast into prison. As a special favor he was allowed one night of freedom in which to read a paper on the "Glacial Period" before a conference of the Imperial Geographical Society, and then he was sent to the fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul.

Prison paper created such a stir that the authorities did another favor, and allowed him the use of writing materials. During his two years' imprisonment he wrote his book on the glacial period, which is an authority to-day. His health gave way and he was sent to the prison hospital, from which he made an escape as daring as that of Robespierre.

Friends had a horse ready outside the prison walls one day at his exercise hour, when he was under the constant supervision of two guards with loaded muskets. The playing of a violin was to be his signal, and the instant he heard the notes he made a dash for the gates. Both of the guards missed him, but he received a bayonet wound in the heel as he slung himself on the horse's back that troubles him to this day.

He got away safely to England and from there to Switzerland, where he edited the scientific paper, "L'Evolution." He wrote too strongly, however, even for Switzerland, and was expelled. In France he was connected with a strike in Lyons and was, with Louis Michel, arrested and sentenced to five years' imprisonment.

He began experiments in intensive agriculture in that country, and did such brilliant work that he was released in 1886, after serving three years, on the petition of the entire scientific world.

Since then he has lived at Bromley, in the suburbs of London, and his attainments have won for him the assistant editorship of that most staid, dignified and influential of monthlies, the Nineteenth Century. More than that, he is often called to work into its intensely respectable columns articles on Anarchism and Communism and the like. He came here as a delegate from the London Society to the annual congress of the British Association of Scientists in Toronto, and has spoken on his geological researches since then in Chicago, San Francisco and Washington. He will leave here in time to reach London for the Geographical Society meeting, on November 20.

### HOW THE WULBARK WAS BORN.

Child of the Tangled Tongue of a Maine School Official.

In America the building in which children are taught is known as the schoolhouse. This knowledge is necessary for you to appreciate the following story, sent me by an Irish reader living in Maine.

The government school inspector was addressing the annual teachers' gathering. Clearing his throat pompously, he began thus: "The schoolwork is the backbone of the faces of the students."